UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

The Need of Grown-up People

By CHARLES F. DOLE

Items from a Traveler's Note-book

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Sunny Side of War

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

VOLUME XCI NUMBER 18

Chicago, June 28, 1923

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

UNITY Fellowship

FRANK C. DOAN
CHARLES F. DOLE
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
HENRY R. MUSSEY
FRANCIS NEILSON
EDMUND H. REEMAN
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
ANNA GARLIN SPENCER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Managing Editor

EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBERTS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
GEO. W. COOKE, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

Editorial Contributors

Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
Percy M. Dawson
James Waldo Fawcett
Zona Gale
David Starr Jordan
Curtis W. Reese
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—P. M. Matthéeff
CANADA—Sidney Snow
CHINA—Robert B. Whitaker
ENGLAND—Fred Hankinson
E. D. Morel
Walter Walsh
FRANCE—G. Demartial
Romain Rolland
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Guglielmo Lucidi
RUSSIA—Alina Huebsch

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

UNITY Fellowship Associates

BOND OF UNION

We, the undersigned, believing in the association of all men and women who are in sympathy with the aims and ideals set forth in the Announcement printed November 3rd, 1921, do invite all who wish to co-operate to join in a world-wide fellowship that has no bounds of race or creed.

The name of this fellowship is The Unity Fellowship Associates and its purpose is the interpretation of the Religion of Democracy. Membership means a declaration of sympathy and interest. There are no dues. Members may make voluntary contributions which will be used for the purpose of making known the aims of the Fellowship and the publication of its literature.

UNITY will be the organ of this Fellowship and all members will be requested, though not compelled, to be subscribers.

Lists of the members will be sent to all members so that they may be known to one another. Local groups may be formed wherever there exists a sufficient number and there is the desire to do so.

All persons who desire to become members may do so by sending their names to UNITY, care of Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Ill.

Name .....

Address .....

- -

To UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find check for which please enter my subscription to UNITY for one year.

Mr. (Mrs. or Miss) _____

Address _____

Rates: $3.00 ($3.50 in Canada; $4.00 in other countries) for a year's subscription. Single copies 10 cents.

Contents

EDITORIAL—

Notes 275
The Need of Grown-up People.—CHARLES F. DOLE 278
Jottings.—JAMES WALDO FAWCETT 279
"The Other Henry Ford."—SYDNEY STRONG ... 280
Items from a Traveler's Note-book.—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 281

ARTICLES—

The New Evangelism. Part V.—REV. ROBERT WHITAKER 284
The Sunny Side of War.—DAVID STARR JORDAN 285

POETRY—

Courage.—*Florence Earle Coates* 275
Resting in the Lord.—*Charles F. Dole* 283
A Prayer.—HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER 286

CORRESPONDENCE—

A Letter from Germany 287

THE FIELD—

What Is the Best Book on the Bible? 287
The Sacco-Vanzetti Defense 287

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. XCI THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1923 Number 18

COURAGE

'Tis the front toward life that matters most—
The tone, the point of view,
The constancy that in defeat
Remains untouched and true;

For death in patriot fight may be
Less gallant than a smile,
And high endeavor, to the gods,
Seems in itself worth while!

—Florence Earle Coates in "The Outlook."

We shall soon be in a little valley into which a laughing brook leaps as a child into its mother's arms and then nestles down for a quiet sleepy meandering through a lovely meadow. On either side are the strong granite hills that have for millenniums guarded this peaceful valley with its meadow and brook. From the door-yard of an old farm house we shall look across the meadow to the hills beyond, and in spite of the agony of the world our heart will be filled with peace. We wish we could assemble all the goodly company of Unity readers some day in this happy valley, and there, under blue skies and cumulous clouds, enjoy that fellowship of the spirit which, as William Morris says, "is heaven." If we members of a devoted fellowship could meet face to face, what a joy it would be! If from the four corners of the earth, from the lands washed by the tides of the seven seas, we could gather in one great folk-moot, in a place which speaks the blessed word "peace," our souls would be lifted to the heights from which we should see the Delectable Mountains. But this can never be. We of the Unity Fellowship must be forever for the most part lonely souls traveling untrodden paths in the vast wilderness of the Future. Across great stretches of land and water we must extend greetings to one another. Neither in ideal nor un-ideal valley can we meet for mutual inspiration and encouragement. But as two ships on widely separated seas guided by the same star may reach the same port, so we, guided by the same ideals, will reach a common destiny. Miles of land and leagues of sea may keep our bodies apart, but our souls united in a common purpose leap over all the barriers of sea, valley, mountain and plain. They laugh at the obstacles that the stupidity of men place in our way. They brush aside tariff walls and ugly forts. They seek their own for their calls unto them across the desert and fruitful places of the earth. Buoyed up by this living fellowship, the Editors of Unity are determined to "carry on" to the end that the principles of its great and beloved founder may be triumphant on the earth. So we hail the members of this company in all the four corners of the earth. Unity is not mere paper and ink, the product of the mill and printing house. Unity is a living spirit and of this spirit you are a part. Together we shall carry the message of Unity to people of the world. So from our door-yard in that quiet valley we shall look this summer up at the stars and remember that every member of our fellowship looks at the same star. There our souls shall meet in those distant points in the immeasurable heavens and we shall council together in regard to the things that are eternal.

We insist that it is only lack of imagination that prevents the great masses of mankind from rising up in one great effective protest against the war system under which we live. A professor in one of our universities who spent a year and a half in France during the war and who saw the war in all its hideous reality, said recently, "Now is the time for all of us to join in a movement to make war impossible. Not to regulate it but to abolish it, is our business. If we do not, it will abolish us." As Professor Dewey said recently in Boston, we are not called upon to go ahead but to right about face. We are going in the wrong direction. We might as well try to regulate earth quakes as to regulate war. Admiral "Jack" Fisher was right when he said, after the First Hague Conference, that it was nonsense to try to make war a pink tea party. War means slaughter, destruction, ferocious trampling under foot of weak as well as strong. It is the business of warriors to make war as hideous as possible. If people could vizualize this, if they could see with the mind's eye what a few now see, the feeble alarums sent forth by Unity would be absorbed into a vast roar that would go up from men and women everywhere whose outraged feelings would brook no opposition to their purpose to banish the whole miserable business from the earth. The trouble is we do not see. Because we are blind we rebuke those who do see. The calamity which is impending and will impend as long as the war system prevails, looms large in the minds of the few. Because to them it is so near and so real they raise their voices. They use strong and vigorous

language. They do what any man would do who saw his neighbor's house afire. They sound the alarum with no thought of the proprieties. They are willing to wake up the whole neighborhood. And their fellow-citizens, aroused from a deep sleep, are angry at being disturbed and want the poor fool who is making all this noise to shut up—made to do so by the police, if necessary! To change the figure a bit, the woods are afire in a dozen places. The entire forest may be aflame at any moment. A few see the situation and are justly alarmed. But until the disaster comes they will be voted by their complacent fellow-citizens unmitigated nuisances. UNITY sees the danger and, as far as lies within its power, is going to try to arouse sleepy folk until they also see it.

Are there any friends of the League of Nations in the room? If so, will they rise for a moment? Ah—we see one or two in the far-off corners! Thank you, dear friends; and will you be kind enough, please, to face a fact and tell us, honestly, what you think of it? Here's the fact, as announced by Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice in the May number of *The Contemporary Review*. In 1913, the strength of the standing armies of Europe was 3,745,179 men. Today, four years after the armistice, with Germany, Austria and Bulgaria beaten and *disarmed,* the strength of the standing armies of the continent—has it decreased? On the contrary, dear friends, it has *increased* to a grand total of 4,354,965. In other words, after all the fighting, after all the victory over the enemies of civilization, after all the millions slain, after all the triumphant overthow of Kaiser, Emperor and Czar, after the Peace Treaty, the League, the Court, we have, as a net result of operations, 609,786 more men under arms than we had before. Now! Article VIII of the Covenant of the League of Nations provides that "the members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety." Tell us, friends of the League, what has the League done to enforce a reduction of armaments? If it has done nothing, why has it done nothing? If it has done something, why has that something been so ludicrously ineffective? And finally, in the face of such an exhibit, why should we have any confidence in the League, or ask America to join it? These are the questions we would have answered, friends. Please don't sit down! The floor is yours! Only face the fact, if you please, and tell us what it means!

Does non-resistance work? Witness the answer to this question in two great victories just achieved on the stage of this modern troubled world. The first victory is won in India by the Akali Sikhs who have at last gotten back their religious shrine, taken from them last August by the English. It will be remembered that when the practice of their devotions was thus denied them by British rule, these Sikhs, acting under the inspiration of Gandhi's teaching and example, entered upon a policy of non-resistance. Every morning, a group of them marched in procession to the shrine, in defiance of the ban against them. Every morning, at the same place in the road, these marchers were set upon by the English, beaten, felled to the ground, horribly wounded, in many cases arrested and thrust into prison. Week after week this dreadful performance went on, new recruits always on hand to take the place of the injured and imprisoned. And always the Akali Sikhs, in spite of the injuries suffered from the open violence visited upon them, refrained from any violence in retaliation. They turned the other cheek, and themselves struck no blow. Now, after a period of months, the victory has been won—the shrine has been returned! In May the government released a thousand prisoners, in token of its final and utter surrender. The second victory for non-resistance is of course in the Ruhr. When the French announced the other day that they would consider nothing until the German policy of passive resistance had been lifted, thus recognizing this policy as now the chief issue, and then crowned all by appealing to England to force Germany to end her non-violent opposition, the cat was out of the bag with a vengeance! Poincaré, like a bullying small boy, yelling across the channel, "Mama, make him stop a-hitting me," confesses that he is beaten and must have assistance. Germany, as a matter of fact, has not been hitting France. and that's just the trouble! France knows exactly what to do with armed resistance, but, confronted by the passive type, she is helpless and demoralized. Does non-resistance work? To perfection!

Whatever we may think of strikes as means of social progress, we cannot but applaud the one in progress in Los Angeles in protest against the utterly un-American Criminal Syndicalist law of California. The strike was called by the I. W. W. Whatever may be the motives of the individual strikers, the fact remains that the strike was joined on behalf of men confined in prison, and others threatened with conviction, who have not been proven guilty of any crime. It is a strike, in other words, in defense of civil liberty. And in defense of this liberty three hundred and fifty (350) men were arrested in one day and thrown into a stockade! The strike may be lost, but such an emphatic protest against a law which assumes that mere membership in a labor organization is an evidence of criminal acts, may do something towards arousing the conscience of the decent people of California. In this connection, UNITY would pay its tribute of profound

admiration to Upton Sinclair and Rev. George Chalmers Richmond, both of whom have challenged the lawless authorities of Los Angeles in their denial of free speech and free assembly. Both were arrested—the former while attempting to read the U. S. Constitution on a private estate the use of which for a meeting had been given him by the owner, the latter while on his way to address a gathering of strikers. Is there any such thing as civil liberty any more in the state of California? It is this which the strikers, and such brave and public-spirited citizens as Sinclair and Richmond, propose to find out. Today, as in every age, martyrdom is still the only open road to freedom!

If the dead look down upon this earth and see what is going on, there must be tremendous excitement these days in that particular bailiwick of heaven in which the scientists reside. We can just see August Weismann leaning over the celestial parapets in mingled confusion and dismay as he hears the news that the theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics has been demonstrated to be true, and Herbert Spencer sitting back composedly in his easy chair explaining to his disciple, Fiske, that he had said so all along. It certainly is a great moment in the history of modern science, worthy of commotion in heavenly mansions, if it has really been proved at last, after all these years of controversy, that acquired characteristics can be inherited. Whether it is so or not, we do not know. But reports of great definiteness, associated with distinguished names, now have it that Professor Paul Kammerer, a biologist of the University of Vienna, has demonstrated the truth of this type of inheritance in his laboratories, and successfully sustained his demonstration in a lecture before the Natural History Society of Cambridge University. Dr. Thornley Gardner, Professor of Zoölogy at Cambridge, ranks the Austrian savant with Darwin; and G. H. F. Nuttal, Professor of Biology at Cambridge, declares that Kammerer "has made perhaps the greatest biological discovery of the century." If this is so, it means an enormous recovery of prestige for the Spencerian philosophy, and a return of Spencer himself to something of that position of scientific preëminence which he enjoyed before he crossed swords, as it was generally thought unsuccessfully, with Weismann. Now Weismann is routed, and we are back in early Darwinian days. Verily, this is a sensational event!

Some weeks ago, *à propos* Bishop Slattery's appeal to the Unitarians to unite with the Congregationalists, we ventured to suggest that the way to unite is to *unite*. Impressive demonstration of the truth of this statement is seen in the exciting news from Canada that the amalgamation of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches of the Dominion, long ago proposed and for years the subject of negotiation, has now at last been accomplished. By this achievement 400,000 Methodists, 360,000 Presbyterians, and 30,000 Congregationalists have been brought together into one fold. We can imagine no more beneficent consummation, and no more certain evidence of true religion! That it involved sacrifices, goes without saying. The fact that it took no less than twenty-five years to bring the matter to completion, shows how hard it was for these sacrifices to be made. We can easily conceive that the Congregationalists may have been especially fearful of giving final consent. Would not their little body be swallowed up and lost in a group of Methodists and Presbyterians more than twenty times as large? Would not their all-precious traditions of congregational freedom be destroyed by any compromise with the other two more highly centralized bodies? Did they not have a witness to bear more sacred than any ideal of mere church unity for its own sake? These questions must have been asked many times. But they were at last all overcome; pride of opinion, of tradition, of name, of identity were put aside for the sake of the blessed reality of Fellowship which is all the religion there is. Let the Unitarians ponder this fact. Is there any difference between themselves and the Congregationalists which cannot be honorably overcome in the face of what our Canadian brethren have now achieved? Church unity is something like peace. If we really want it, we can have it. But most people, for all their fine talk, do not want it!

When we announced in these columns, two weeks ago, that Harvard students were protesting against a chapel as a war memorial because a chapel was not used to any extent by the students of today, we thought we were revealing a condition which was as bad as it could be. Now comes our Editorial Contributor, Mr. James Waldo Fawcett, to tell us something worse. He refers to the announcement, recently made, that "all but two members of the student body of the University of Pennsylvania have definitely given up attending chapel." What this means today is significant of many things—and what it means tomorrow is significant of more things. At bottom it's the same old story—a church, with all its beliefs and practices, repudiated by a generation which will not longer enslave itself to dogma and ecclesiasticism.

The Need of Grown-up People

Was it not Herodotus, who tells the story, after having visited Egypt—an ancient land even in his day—that the wise men there called the Greeks "children"? We wonder if the Greeks who visited Egypt in those classic times did not behave much like the Americans, who in one day go up the Nile, and peep into the ruined temples and help excavate the tombs of the Pharaohs. They eat and drink of the richness of the land, and they spend money with lavish hands; they are eager for sight-seeing and pleasure; but what, pray, are they thinking about? Are they mature and grown-up people? Have they the the secret of contentment, of peace, of happiness? They flit from land to land, as light-minded as the children whom they drag along with them,—not like serious and understanding citizens of the world, who carry everywhere a willingly recognized spiritual "freedom of the city."

Imagine for a moment that a little company of real and grown men of the old times—wise men of the East—such men as Amos and the two Isaiah's—could come from the celestial abodes to make a report of how our earth is getting on. Would they not certainly agree that we behaved like children, and that our civilization was both laughable and pathetic? They might not call us *bad* children; they would allow that some of us had good minds, and that we could make plenty of ingenious things, both useful and incredibly hurtful also. So far as it would be possible to surprise celestial visitors, they would be most astonished at the childishness of our great men. They would have to report that they could hardly find any grown-up men in the governments of the world. They would declare that our leaders generally acted no better than school-boys; that they had no rational sense of values; that their native generous impulses were overlaid with inordinate selfishness, and vain ambitions; that they were just as liable as children to intervals of blind rage, of unthinking and violent prejudice, of unworthy suspicions, fears and jealousies. They were as capable as ever Nero or Aleric was of setting the world afire with their stupid personal or partisan quarrels.

They would report that they had looked into the great universities, and heard our noted preachers of religion, and been disappointed to discover how few of these wise men really knew enough wisdom to keep peace in their own hearts. They were unaware that they lived in a universe; many of the best of them had a school-boy's fear of being laughed at or of standing out for a principle. The Doctors of Divinity were as apt as other men to be great egotists as if they had never heard the rule: "Know thyself." How could such men show the young the way of wisdom? How could they preach a grown-up man's religion, without having it themselves?

In short, the report of this select group of the wise men of the ages would have to conclude that the conduct of this earth in church and state in every country was in the hands of children; that the crying need of the world was a new crop of grown-up men and women.

What now do we mean by grown-up people? Observe that we are not asking for supermen; we do not require the impossible, or gifts and endowments such as common men do not possess. There are brains enough now in the heads of the common people if we will use them. One does not have to be astonishingly bright or gifted or capable in order to be reasonably mature. We recollect years ago a brief visit from a noble Russian, who had come all the way from the Caucasus on an errand of mercy in behalf of his starving people. He had been a member of the first Duma. Speaking of the peasants, he said that we mistook if we supposed that they were an ignorant lot of people, merely because of their illiteracy, and he went on to tell us of the fairmindedness and intelligence with which his peasant neighbors had proceeded in a recent election for the Duma. We have just now a similar item, touching the conduct of the Pueblo Indians in their action to forestall the perilous Bursum Bill at the last session of Congress. The truth is that simple and unlearned people may be wonderfully humane, dignified and good-tempered, even in the face of injuries done them by men of superior education, who nevertheless have not begun to attain the stature of grown-up and civilized people. Indeed, if brains and science are enough to make a mature man, we should not be still trembling on the brink of the vast catastrophe of 1914, out of which the impotent brains and science of the greatest nations have been unable to deliver us.

It is plain that, when we think of a grown-up man, we must mean that kind of growth which constitutes him as human; that which adds itself to his physical and mental outfit, and describes a person. We call no one grown-up who cannot keep his good temper; we call no one grown-up, who does not carry an open mind; we count no one a mature man or woman whose sympathies and interests do not promptly respond to the needs of other men, of whatever color or race. The man is not as yet human, or indeed intelligent, who does not feel the injustice which is done anywhere to his fellow man, whether in Leavenworth prison or in Turkey. Give us all the brains and education possible, we say, but be sure to give us faith and good will; let us have a share in some grand purpose as wide as the welfare of the world; give us respect for men and their rights and their liberties, as we desire respect for ourselves. It does not require uncommon mentality to grow up into a hearty, effective and courageous humanity. Here is the need of the world!

What are our schools and colleges worth if they fail to bring up one youth to the standing of grown men and women, if we cannot possess them with the will to live—no mere child-life any longer, no wild, half-civilized, useless life of unrestrained appetite and selfishness, no Pharisee life of uninvited meddlesome exploitation of humbler people—but a generous, comradely, friendly, purposeful life, such as every household, or school, or city, or nation on earth is longing to see.

Please contribute a supply for this demand!

See now how our religion, if there is any such reality, ought at once to help us. Suppose we believe —not profess, but really believe, that there is, pervading the universe, and therefore in us, a creative life building us up, as it builds up the life of the oak tree, or the apple, towards the choicest growth of the type to which we belong—ever thus urging us towards a ripened maturity, never content (as we are not ourselves) with any man, who stops short of his human growth. This upward growth is his destiny. Call this urging inner life "the will of God," or call it, as some do, "the Christ," or full man in us, or call it the universal spirit, whose fruitage is every species of lovable and forceful humanity. No matter what you call it—or call it by no name, but hold to the fact. It does seem as if we are as sure of this fact as we are sure of anything!

What now do we do instinctively at the bidding of this urgency to make grown men of us? We obey it gladly; we put our little wills along-side of it; we try more and more daring ventures in response to it, and we believe in it the more. Moreover, our efforts now being single and straightforward, as if we moved over an unobstructed highway, bring satisfaction. We move, and we enjoy rest in the motion; we live in the world, and go through all the acts of our calling or trade, and at the same time we have a place of peace and understanding in our heart; we mix with men daily in various forms of society; and we are at home wherever we have any right at all to be. Neither do we want to enter into associations or partnerships, which, acting to do injury to any man, would narrow the circulation and flow of our precious friendliness.

The good and happy life, then, the life of strong and grown-up men—what we all admire, what the world needs more than it needs anything else, is nothing more nor less than the amazing experiment or practice of living after the fashion of a son of God, or as good citizens of a universe, or as brothers of the Commonwealth of Mankind; it all comes to the same kind of enterprise—the most splendid and truly workable thing that man ever tried.

Why do not men everywhere make haste to do this —no longer to behave as children, but to assume their grown-up rights? Is there any reason, except the fact of their childishness, their thoughtless fear of one another, their narrow imagination, the stupid prejudices and the selfish appetites that distinguish the child from the grown man, that separate them from the inflow of the warm throbbing life of mankind and from God.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jottings

It costs seven times as much to operate the machinery of the state of Denmark in 1923 as it did in 1917. The minister of finance frankly admits that the state is "an expensive luxury." Well spoken! True wisdom! The modern capitalist state, with all its multiplicity of departments and its armies of flunkies, civil and uncivil, is just that: an expensive luxury. Isn't it about time to terminate the business?

"Russia Exporting Grain," runs a newspaper headline, the implication being that there is now so much grain in Russia that the authorities are exporting it to other countries. Yes, of course. Every sophomore knows that even in the time of the great famines in India grain was being exported to England. That was the *cause* of the famines.

"Lonely Lepers Will Soon Hear Radio Concerts." The reference is to the exiles on Cabras Island. Are they not to be pitied? Afflicted as they already are their lot is sad enough. The additional affliction of the radio—*as now controlled* — will be entirely *too* cruel. Imagine the poor creatures agonizing under "How to Live on Five Thousand a Year" or "How to Operate the Electric Kitchen"—actual numbers from a radio program—let alone the sermons of the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis. Something ought to be done about it.

"A Canadian gentleman has recently invented an apple without any core." Nonsense! That was invented ages ago by a small boy who was in his way a diminutive Rockefeller.

Seriously, the radio is in the hands of interests whose ambitions are wholly sinister. As an educational force it belongs with the press—venile, irresponsible and entirely anti-social.

"Reds Even Rifle the Czars' Tombs." Thus runs a headline in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Well, why not? If people are suffering in Russia, the jewels on the caskets of dead emperors ought to be taken and sold to buy necessities for them. You and I would do the same thing in the same circumstances. The life of one little child is more sacred than the tomb of any czar that ever lived.

The state of Vermont "carries books to the people," says a newspaper headline. What *kind* of books? The works of Thomas Hardy, Eden Phillpotts, May Sinclair, Bernard Shaw, Romain Rolland, Anatole France, Gerhart Hauptmann, Maxim Gorki, Theodore Dreiser—these great master-writers of our own time? I wish I might believe it. The Vermont book wagon is a useful institution, doubtless—but not if its cargo consists of the productions of Robert W. Chambers, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Ethel M. Dell, Zane Grey and other trash-hashers of that ilk.

Mark Twain's log cabin at Jackass Hill, Sonora, California, has been presented to the "dear people" by one of Mark's admirers. Literary shrines are becoming almost as numerous as literary people. But commercial clubs and chambers of commerce take care of show places, of this and other kinds, because of the pilgrims with money to spend who visit them. Whereas nobody cares about living artists—unless, of course, they happen to be making money by the exercise of their talent.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

"The Other Henry Ford"

Editorial Correspondence.

"The Other Henry Ford" is the title of a book by my friend Louis P. Lochner, which in a few months will be published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London. Permitted by Mr. Lochner to see the manuscript, I am led to believe that it will have a wide reading, because of the subject of the story, and of the excellent way the story is told—it is the story with Henry Ford as the "hero," and the voyage of the "Peace-Ship," as the great "adventure";—and Mr. Lochner, during all that period of a year, was secretary to Henry Ford, and was the last one "to leave the ship."

It is easily seen, that here is material for a great "sea-yarn," and the author has the facts at his finger-tips, in his photograph album, letter files and scrap books, and is clever in spinning the "yarn."

If anyone is interested in becoming acquainted with Henry Ford, the author had a unique opportunity in being associated with him in an intimate way for the greater part of a year, to observe the strange contrasts in this unusual character, and to give an exposition of a cross section of his life. Back of the author's story is the purpose of shedding light through a study of the Peace-Ship expedition upon an experiment in securing a people's peace through the method of continuous neutral mediation. This was the great idea behind Henry Ford's peace mission.

The reader will get a good conception of Mr. Lochner's approach to the personality of Mr. Ford in the opening paragraph of his introduction:

> Take any recent front view picture of Henry Ford, and lay a sheet of paper on top of it, in such a manner as to cover one eye and one-half of the face. You will find that the left half is the face of an idealist, a dreamer, a humanitarian; kindliness and goodwill beam forth from the eye. Then take the other half. It is the shrewd face of a sharp business man, alert, somewhat suspicious, somewhat cynical, full of cunning.
>
> The spiritual quality of the left eye gives place to a calculating materialism in the right.
>
> As is the picture so is Henry Ford; in no other person have I observed so pronounced a dual nature. In latter years the materialistic has seemed to gain the ascendency. But periodically the original, the natural Henry Ford breaks out. Catch him away from his business, and you are pretty sure to see him do or say something quite unusual. That is the original Henry Ford erupting like a slumbering volcano.
>
> He decided to charter a ship—away from his friends. He withdrew support from his peace mission—under the influence of his associates. Impulse is one of the compelling forces directing Henry Ford's life.

Secretary (business) Liebold is quoted by Mr. Lochner as saying:

> The old man gets enthusiastic and then he makes rash promises. He is perfectly sincere but he gives me a devil of a time afterwards to wriggle out of them. "Henry Ford is at his best," says Mr. Lochner, "when playing with children. They take to him instinctively. He will sit on the floor with them, making wooden toys for them, tell them simple stories, and forget wholly about affairs of the greatest importance while thus enjoying himself."

The story that is told is a fascinating revelation of the character of this surprising man as shown in the mission of the Peace-Ship.

The reader's appetite will be whetted when he glances at the menu—the table of contents—furnished in three parts by the author. Part one: Henry Ford takes a hand in the war. Part two: Out of the trenches by Christmas. Part three: Continuous Mediation. For dessert—the Appendix—these are letters from Helen Keller and Ellen Key: one also from Henry Ford on "Preparedness," and a "Who's Who" list. And here are some of the chapter titles taken at random—forty in all, "Trying to Stem the Tide of Blood"—"At the White House"—"At the Ford Home"—"Eleven Days of Inferno"—"Monkey-wrenches in the Machinery"—"Our Motley Crew"—"The War on the Ocean"—"Captured by the British Navy"—"In Norway"—"Kidnapped"—"Winning Switzerland"—"Henry Ford and Woodrow Wilson Abandon Pacifism."

The story is replete with anecdotes. Here is an illustration: "Henry Ford was caught off guard by a reporter when President Wilson came out for 'preparedness.'"

"What do you think of his message?" asked the interviewer. "Bunk," replied Henry Ford without a moment's hesitation. And so it was head-lined to every paper in the country.

"That's not the way to talk about a President's message," one of his associates remarked. "But it's true, isn't it? Then why can't I say it?" When in New York and getting ready to launch the ship, a time when Mr. Lochner was in hourly contact with Henry Ford, a time when Henry Ford was full of steam and enthusiasm, he said:

> We'll have some fun the next few days in New York. Whatever we decide to do, I am sure that New York is the place to give it publicity. It is one of the best centers in the world—better than Washington.

And here are a few of the sayings of Henry Ford—gathered by the author. "I don't believe in charity." "The men who offer charity offer insult." "Take away the capitalists and you will sweep war from the earth."

"For those who remain at the end of this sad folly there are high taxes and crepe on the door." "When I go into a thing I generally jump in with both feet." "I don't read history. That's in the past; I am thinking of the future." Mr. Lochner gives the only original "Ford joke" made by Henry Ford himself. It was in the interview with President Wilson, before the sailing of the "Peace-Ship." Henry Ford wore a plain business suit and talked "plain American." He slipped unceremoniously into an arm chair and during most of the interview had his left leg hanging over the arm of the chair and swinging back and forth. He proceeded to his business with the following pleasantries:

"You are looking very well, Mr. President, better than I have seen you ever before. What do you do to keep yourself in such good trim?"

"Well, I always make it a point to forget business after business hours; and I particularly try to enjoy a good joke."

"Here I broke in," says Mr. Lochner, "I suppose some of the jokes are Ford jokes at that." Henry Ford now grew quite animated.

That reminds me of a joke that I myself made up. It runs something like this: "One day I was driving by a cemetery. When I noticed that a huge hole was being dug by the grave-digger, I wondered what this was for, and said to him: 'What's the matter? Are you going to bury a whole family in one hole?' 'No,' he replied, 'this is for one man.' 'Then why so big a hole?' I demanded. The old grave-digger scratched his head, 'You see, it's this way. The man who is to be buried in this grave was a queer sort of fellow. He provided in his will that he must be buried in his Ford, because, said he, his Ford had thus far pulled him out of every hole: he was sure it would pull him out of the last.'"

The President's dignified statesman's air relaxed into a spontaneous chuckle. Mr. Wilson was even moved to recite a limerick in response to Ford's winning humor.

And so Mr. Lochner takes the reader in an attractive style through the events attending upon one of the most sensational episodes of the Great War. Many readers will be drawn to follow the dramatic narrative which introduces lively portraits of Madame Schwimmer, the "expert adviser," Dr. Charles F. Aked, Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, S. S. McClure, and many other interesting personalities; and presents an experiment in securing a people's peace through continuous neutral mediation.

Berlin, Germany. SYDNEY STRONG.

Items from a Traveler's Note-book

I had never been south—that is, never farther south than Alexandria, Va.—so the invitation to deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon at the Commencement Exercises of the North Carolina College for Women, at Greensboro, was a most welcome one.

Leaving New York City in the late afternoon of Friday, June 1st, I found it dark by the time I reached Washington, and saw nothing of the capitol but the lights of the Shriners' convention. A cool night in the sleeper brought me to Greensboro, N. C., on time at 6:10 A. M. Saturday. Coming into the very considerable station, which showed this city to be something of a railroad center, I was impressed not so much by the Negro shacks on the outskirts or by the well-paved streets in the town itself, as by a great towering sky-scraper, fifteen or more stories high, which loomed up out of the landscape like Bunker Hill monument out of Charlestown. "Here's America," I said; "same old place, North or South"—and I waited to hear that this was the tallest building south of Mason and Dixon's line, or something of that kind. My taxi-driver, however, knew nothing about it, and volunteered no information other than the very sensible opinion that "a building like that" was out of place, and spoiled the rest of the town.

At my hotel—the "O. Henry"—I was duly informed by an impressive sign over the desk that "Greeter on Duty is Mr. A." *Greeter!* what a word—and a new one, not seen before in many miles of travel. A large, immaculately clean room, hung with one handsome drawing from one of O. Henry's stories, looked out upon what appeared to be a most attractive city. Here were broad, well-paved streets, an abundance of beautiful shade trees, pleasant lawns, and an active business center.

The college, as I later learned in a morning automobile drive with one of the students, is located on the outskirts of the town, in a pleasant stretch of woodland. Some thirty years old, boasting today over twelve hundred students, the institution represented a rather curious combination of old buildings hastily erected in the early days and still in use, and new buildings either recently completed or still in process of construction. These modern edifices were erected on large lines, with definite anticipations of a great future. Especially impressive was a quadrangle of dormitories with promise of a lovely yard, with lawns, shade trees and fountains. Many stretches of the campus are now very beautiful, although there is lacking that almost Utopian appearance of splendor which is characteristic of some of the great private colleges for women in the North, such as Wellesley and Vassar. There is everywhere a very practical atmosphere about this North Carolina College, wholly in keeping with its practical purpose. For the girls here come from middle-class homes, many from poor homes, to get training for their life work, mainly in teaching. The College is being built wisely to meet this need; when completed it will have adequacy and beauty, without suggestion of luxury.

As usual, in my trekking about the country, I found in this neighborhood one of the members of the Community Church of New York—this time a member of the faculty of Guilford College, a Quaker institution, located some six miles out of Greensboro. At 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon this young woman appeared with her automobile, to take me to "her college." The drive was full of interest—over superb state highways, as fine as I have ever seen anywhere—through a beautiful rolling country, in many places thickly wooded—by rich red-soiled farms, with the corn a foot or more above ground, and some of the grain crops far advanced—by log shacks, ill-kept farm-houses, occasional suburban bungalows, and prosperous-looking little churches. In one place, we encountered what I had never seen before—a chain-gang of convicts at work on the road. It was, to me at least, a horrible sight! There were some thirty or forty men in the gang, some of them white, more of them colored, about half of them clad in ordinary working clothes and the rest in the traditional black and white striped convict garb, most of them, so far as I could see, bound together by heavy chains fastened to their feet and waists. The sun was beating down

hot in mid-afternoon of a cloudless day, but they were toiling vigorously, with sweat steaming from their bodies. At either end of the patch of road under construction, seated in the shade of a convenient tree, was a white man with a rifle across his knees. I suppose that my imagination, fired by disgust, was working over-time, but these two guards seemed to me to be the most villainous-looking men I had ever set eyes on in my life. And why not?—how could anybody but a man of the vilest type be content in such a job! I was glad when a stretch of highway, two typical country stores, and the gates leading into Guilford College combined to shut out this ugly sight from my mind; but it lives there still, as horrid evidence of the barbarism that still survives in the so-called civilization of America.

Before going to the College, we went on a mile or two to see the famous battle-field of Guildford Court House. Now a public park, rather untidily kept, this stretch of ground has a museum, monuments marking important sites of the revolutionary struggle, and statues of heroes associated therewith, including a really impressive equestrian statue of General Greene, with excellently chosen inscriptions. One monument gave information which was wholly new to me, a Yankee from Boston, about "the first battle of the Revolutionary War" fought in 1771. In my New England training, I had been taught to believe that this first battle was fought not in North Carolina but in Massachusetts, and not in 1771 but on April 19, 1775. It all depends on who writes the history, doesn't it?

But my prime interest was not in a battlefield but in a Quaker College—namely, Guilford. I had never heard of this College before—nor of the interesting fact that there are some nine thousand (9,000) Quakers in North Carolina, who hold this institution and its church as their headquarters and yearly meeting-place. Founded in 1837, Guilford College nearly went out of existence during the period of the Civil War and after. These southern Quakers, it seems, came here in the early days, not from Pennsylvania, as I had supposed, but largely from Nantucket. Their burial-ground is full of old Nantucket names. Although they kept no slaves, they were by no means abolitionists of the extreme northern type, but fitted in very well with local conditions, just as they do now. These Quakers are quite as careful of the color line these days as are their neighbors. But they would not answer the call to arms in the Civil War, nor even take sides; and disaster fell upon them and their institutions. Migration was inevitable; once begun, it threatened to continue until Quakerism in the South was no more. But certain strong spirits set their faces against the movement in time, and this splendid center of influence for intellectual and spiritual uplift in North Carolina, was fortunately preserved. Guilford College has today a student body of two hundred and forty (240), and a faculty of twenty (20). Its buildings occupy an attractive campus, hidden under great growths of beautiful trees. It is plainly enough not a rich institution—it looked to me as though there were difficulties in making both ends meet. But a farm of three hundred (300) acres is made to pay, the General Education Board has given a handsome conditional donation, and a vigorous campaign is on for funds. I was received hospitably in the home of the President, Dr. Binford, met several members of the faculty, and was shown the grounds and buildings. It is easy to see that, in the great educational awakening that has come to North Carolina, the Friends have, as usual, done something more than their part.

The drive home, through the manufacturing town of Pomona, brought me back to Greensboro in time for the banquet of the Alumnae of N. C. C. at six o'clock. Here some five hundred (500) women and a few men sat down to an ample meal, amid much jollification, singing, college "yelling," etc. The speaker of the occasion was a Miss Charl O. Williams, Ex-President of the National Education Association, and now legislative secretary of that organization in Washington, D. C. She gave much practical advice out of her wide experience, and ended her address with a ringing appeal for the Towner-Sterling bill for federal help to education, which was endorsed by a unanimous vote of those present.

Sunday (June 3) was my day, with the Baccalaureate Sermon in the morning and the sermon at the Y. W. C. A. Vespers in the evening. The service in the morning was held in the great hall of the College seating a thousand (1,000) people. It was crowded to the doors with students, parents, friends, and townspeople. The usual academic procession brought the faculty to the platform, and the graduates to the seats in the front of the assembly room. The service was characterized by some inspiring hymn-singing, and a superb rendition by a small chorus of the famous "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

The evening service was held in a charming Open Air Theatre—a stretch of ground under a cluster of trees, sloping gently to a small body of water, some ten or twelve feet wide, and then a small, firm level of ground as a stage or platform. A long walk through the woods, in company with the senior class in caps and gowns, brought us to the stretch of greensward under the trees where the graduates took their seats behind the speaker. In front was a scene of exquisite loveliness, which grew lovelier as the light of day softly faded from the trees, and darkness fell with just a glimpse here and there of stars. In front was the stretch of water, then the slope of the natural theatre, covered with a crowd of some six or seven hundred people, many of them girls in bright dresses, all, men and women alike, with bared heads and quiet mien. The service began with singing of "Now the day is over"; then came a prayer by the President of the Y. W. C. A.; then Mendelssohn's trio, "Lift thine eyes"; then the scripture reading and sermon. As the service went on, peace seemed to settle on that assembly like a benediction. Noise and uneasy rustling faded away, like the evening light. In the gathering dark, only the few electric lights shed a gentle glow over the people, fusing them all as it were into one single personality. It was ineffably beautiful—a picture and an experience long to remembered.

Apart from the pleasure of seeing the North Carolina College and participating momentarily in its life, this visit to Greensboro was highly instructive in other ways. The state has evidently entered very definitely upon an era of highly developed industrialism. In many unexpected ways it reminded me of conditions in the North. Cotton manufactury is building its factories everywhere, and bringing in a prosperity in terms of high wages and big fortunes hitherto unknown. Two millionaires have already appeared in

Greensboro—one was in my congregation in the morning, I was told, and the other in the evening!—and they are still objects of considerable amazement. One-fifth of the population of the state—500,000 men, women and children out of a total of 2,500,000—are in the mills, working regularly as wage-earners. All of these are whites, of pure Anglo-Saxon stock, utterly ignorant of industrial history and life in America, entirely unorganized, contented because more prosperous than they have ever been before. More and more these mill-hands are coming to constitute a distinct class, or even caste, in the midst of a predominantly agricultural population. Undoubtedly they are exploited, yet they stand on a higher economic scale than formerly, and represent a development full of promise or menace for the future. Which it is, no man today can say. In many ways, North Carolina is facing a central crisis in its life. Will it go the way of all other industrial societies before it—creating the old evils, stirring up the old discontents, preparing the old struggles and contentions? Or will it learn from the past, enter upon new paths, and thus write new history? At present, things look rather appallingly familiar. Perhaps the educational awakening of the state will yet save the day.

Greensboro bears abundant evidence of this industrial development. It is unquestionably prosperous, and is fast taking on the appearance of a genuine city. Its towering sky-scraper is at once a witness of what is going on, and a prophecy of the future. Significant also are its many fine houses, a restricted residential suburb on the outskirts, a handsome country club with appropriate golf links, a first-class hotel, a strikingly impressive marble court house, banks, business houses, etc. Most interesting, however, are the mills—all that I saw very new, modern in design, and solidly built. Around these mills are clustered the homes of the workers—hundreds of small frame houses, not unattractive in design, all owned by the mill-owners, as are the schools, the churches, the stores, and everything else pertaining to the life of the community. This mill section is in Greensboro, but not of it. It is a neighborhood as separate from the rest of the city as the Negro quarter, and that is saying a good deal. Late on Sunday afternoon I drove all through this manufacturing community. The people were gathered on their porches, and looked healthy and happy. Many of the houses were pretty with gardens and climbing rose vines (the company, I was told, gives flower prizes!). The streets were in abominable condition, but the general atmosphere was one of contentment and reasonable comfort. But the whole system represents a paternalism of the worst description, and therefore at bottom a tyranny which cannot last.

Next to the industrial problem in North Carolina, is the Negro problem. One-third of the population of the state is black; and all of this one-third is outside the industrial life, of which I have just been speaking. Cleavage between whites and blacks is of course absolute, but I sensed no such intensity of feeling on this issue as I know exists in many parts of the South. In Greensboro, indeed, sympathy and understanding between the two classes are marked, thanks largely to an Inter-racial Commission which handles problems affecting the two races. A "drive" to raise $50,000 for a Negro hospital was under way during my visit, and was receiving liberal support from the whites. Conspicuous among the leaders of goodwill on this great question, is the man who was my host, Dr. Jackson, Acting President of the North Carolina College. Of course the situation in Greensboro has its inherently easy features! Thus the colored population of the town is something less than twenty-five (25) per cent of the whole; and many of the Negroes are highly trained and intelligent. But the state of affairs is none the less creditable on this account. Incidently, it was amusing to see the little bob-tailed street-cars, not more than seven or eight seats long, with negroes sitting scrupulously in the rear, and whites in the front. Equally amusing was it to see the rigid separation of whites and blacks in the railroad station, with everybody mingling indiscriminately on the platforms. How easily and complacently we fool ourselves!

Greensboro is blessed with a newspaper of exceptionally high standard, or so at least it seemed to me. On both Saturday and Sunday this paper published stirring editorial attacks on the Ku Klux Klan, full of good healthy ridicule and denunciation. The Klan, be it said, is a feeble group in Greensboro, aimed more at the Catholics than the Negroes. It would have done Gov. Smith, and the "wets" generally, much good, to read what this *Daily News* had to say about his approval of the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act. People believe in prohibition in this section of the South, and in their opinion Smith's pen had written his political death-warrant.

And, what do you think—Greensboro has a community church! It isn't called a community church—it is an offshoot of the local First Presbyterian Church, and it has a Presbyterian minister. But it has got the vision, and is starting the real work. Thus it is named "The Church by the Side of the Road"—it receives into membership all persons who would join, regardless of sectarian affiliations—it engages itself in community instead of denominational activities—and thus maintains a community playground for the children, a community nurse, and, most interesting of all, two community cows! If a poor family needs milk, a cow is driven right to the door-step, and the supply delivered. All this impresses me as an amazingly good beginning—especially as the break from the old church came because the people were tired of revivals, prayer-meetings, and such like—and also because Henry E. Jackson had a hand in the business!

So much for Greensboro! I wonder if I have really been south!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

RESTING IN THE LORD.

Our hearts abide in trust serene.
We move and strive, and striving, rest the more
In inward peace secure.
As the birds fly, and sing, and rest again,
Trusting their tiny weight to the wide wings of the wind;
As the birds ally their meager strength
With rhythmic force unseen, but free,
Drawn from the deep source of Universal Life:
So our spirits give themselves, as by divine decree,
Fearless to fly, and seek, and do, and also gladly rest,
And draw from mystic fountains, surely not our own,
The power to move wherever truth and love may bid us go,
Careless of self, or man's applause, or bounds of time,
In the vast realms of space and light and life.

The Christian Register. —*Charles F. Dole.*

The New Evangelism

PART V.

The New Evangelism, as I have defined it, will get little hearing in or through the churches until the new social order, of which this New Evangel is the religious interpretation, has actually come to pass, and our religious institutions have ceased to be the dependents and beneficiaries of the exploiting classes and their parasites. Religion will be with us, as it was with the slave South, a bit of polite institutionalism, built on the preaching of curious survivals of traditionalism or innocuous abstractions and emotional mysticisms, not altogether fruitless in either a personal or a social way, but apologetic and defensive in the main as regards the real issue of the hour, and the real menace of the world. The churches can be counted on to grease the ways by which we are sliding into hell.

There will be exceptions, of course, but the exceptions will be individuals rather than institutions. The voice of prophecy will not be wholly lacking even in the larger churches, but the prophecies permitted there will be of an incidental and personal type. A Dr. Ryan, a Bishop Williams, or a Bishop McConnell will attest the living reality of religion under all its smothering investiture of capitalistic endowments, incomes, and expectations, and the ministry of such as these, and all the "seven thousand" who have not bowed the knee to Baal, will prepare the way for the churches which shall some day be, the organized communions of the co-operative commonwealths of some coming age. But for the present it is too much to expect that anything as fundamental as the gospel which I have set forth will find more than a casual and skeptical hearing from the religious leaders and the mass of the religious devotees of our time.

Nor is to be expected that those who are known as labor leaders, whether conservative or radical, will concern themselves much with any attempt to interpret the labor movement in terms of religion. Many of them are socially more conservative, that is more ignorant and irresponsible, than the churches themselves, and cannot be counted upon either to understand the real issues or to allow understanding to others as long as the times of ignorance and petty self-seeking can be maintained. And those who are the pioneers and martyrs of the new social dispensation are too much in the thick of the battle, too beset with an over-whelming opposition in which the forces of organized religion generally are against them, to discover how really religious are their own convictions and devotions, and therefore can hardly be counted upon as the spokesmen of that reconciliation of religion and radicalism which we are bound to have unless we are prepared to face an utterly unguided and untempered social revolt.

I am not counting upon the churches either to make or to guide the revolution. The churches will not know that the revolution is here till their time of opportunity is past. Whatever they contribute to the new society will come after the days of their humiliation and reconstruction, after loss and ruin has wrought its work with them, and they are built into forms very different from those which they hold to-day. I expect little more from the liberal, even the most "advanced" churches of our day than from the conservative bodies generally. They are all alike afraid of any fundamental social message. They will make more of social protest than the more popular and richer religious groups. They will hold up ideals of internationalism, pacifism, humanism in place of the theological emphases of the older churches. But they will cling to their intellectualisms, and put their trust in words, words, words, as they always have done. They will refuse the repentance of yesterday, that of the solitary soul fleeing from the City of Destruction, and they will not rise to the repentance of to-morrow, that of social solidarity, a society fleeing from the sloughs of exploitation. And when the hour comes that the actual fighting body of the new civilization has achieved the strength to take over the governing of the nations, and undertakes that work of expropriation of the spoilers of men which is inevitable if the revolution is to be anything but a breathing spell before we all plunge into the abyss, in other words when the Workers' Republic is set up in every nation, these reformers and idealists will in the main be found on the side of the counter revolutions which will precipitate whatever violence attends the great change. The violence is not coming from the workers; it is coming from those who will prefer to wreck the world rather than to accept the program of the workers. It is not the rising freedom that makes violence, it is the losing tyranny. The triumphant wage-system of the North did not want war in 1860; war came from the defeated slave-oligarchy. If it comes tomorrow, when the workers of the world take over the workshops of the world, and all their appurtenances and out-put, violence will proceed then from those who "will not have this king to rule over them," who will burn the world before they will abdicate their robberies of mankind.

These are hard sayings, that I well know. And I shall not be surprised if there is need to ask again within the innermost circles of those who lean toward the new order, "Will ye also go away?" But to whom shall we go, except to the God of reality? What forsaking of sin shall save us if we forsake not this sin of spoiling labor which has wrecked every civilization and is already shaking our own so as to threaten world destruction now? And where shall we find the "strong man" who is able to dispossess this demon-crazed giant of capitalism if we find him not in the organized cohorts of labor, solidified not for violence but for economic conquest of all the instrumentalities of world control? "If the working class cannot save the world no other class can," says Bernard Shaw. "We have tried every other class and they have all miserably failed."

And if we give less than this message what are we doing but working with the intellectual and spiritual dope-peddlars of our time? Does that sound harsh? Who then precipitated the Civil War in America but those who would not hear of the abolition of slavery? When did we get anywhere with the issue until the cry sounded plainly, imperatively among us, "Let my people go?" And how was it with the issue of the saloon? Did we not have great men and great meetings and great enthusiasm on the side of all manner of partial programs, "moderation," "total abstinence," "high license," "regulation," "model saloons," "woman's cru-

sades," and other like ameliorative and reform measures? And all of them failed, till we had a "new evangelism" for the utter abolition of the liquor traffic, an evangelism which whatever its present limitations of success may be will inevitably widen to a world banishment of the saloon. Programs of moderation always fail where vital issues are concerned, because they never move fast enough for the God of reality. "They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

The New Evangelism which has to do with the industrial issue must be clear visioned and clear voiced. It must see definitely the sin of all exploitation and must be able to relate that exploitation up to all private ownership of land and the tools of industry. What Philip Snowden has proposed in the field of government in Great Britain, an acknowledgment of the unworkability of our present economic system and an open movement toward its abandonment, we must make the basis of the new religious appeal. Otherwise we have no message of any real consequence to those who are determined to bring the new world to pass, and they will do well to brush our verbal soporifics aside. We must be as materialistic as the materialists in confessing the enfoldment of the new culture within the sheathing of economic circumstance. The devil will be in the machine until we find God there, and give Him a chance to come forth. Our "spirituality" is a lie, and a terribly dangerous lie, unless it rests on the greatest social reality of our time, the mechanism through which we daily live, and move, and have our being. The shops, not the churches, are the places of the new revelation. Its "ekklesias" are the assemblies of organized labor. They are not ideal assemblies, any more than were the "Christian" assemblies of the early centuries. But they are going to conquer the British Empire, and the Japanese Empire, and the American Empire, and all the rest of the imperialisms of capitalism as surely as the Christian assemblies passed from the catacombs to the throne of the Caesars. Whether their conquests will be also disappointing may depend in a measure on whether we evangelize them now or wait to touch them with the spirit of religion after they have come to power without us and against us.

Dare we make common cause with them now, in the name of religion, and not in the name of theology, ecclesiasticism, mysticism, or abstract idealisms of any kind? Dare we give a message which will close the pulpits against us in the main, and will find only a solitary convert here and there, even as Paul in the synagogues of Israel? Dare we hold even our co-operative experiments and our monasticisms of separated communities as incidental to the actual world process, and recognize that salvation is not coming on little islands of economic piety but through the universal travail of a world which must altogether accept exploitation as its law or must altogether repudiate it? Let those who will go apart and build them boothes for Moses and Elijah on high mountains of transfiguration. But the messengers of the New Evangelism must needs go where the workers are, and either join them in their actual work of organizing the workers for world conquest, or serve as teachers in telling plainly what the workers are bound to do. The New Evangelism is the recognition that the labor movement of the world is the present manifestation of God in the world. To believe in it is to believe in Him.

(*Concluded.*)

Seattle, Washington. ROBERT WHITAKER.

The Sunny Side of War

[The following memorandum written on August 17, 1916, is intended to illustrate the advantages of war to the few so placed as to gain by its prosecution, and again so situated as to escape from its ruinous economic consequences.]

At the end of the second year of war, we have had many gloomy calculations as to the actual bankruptcy of European nations and the perils attendant on the impending discovery by the people of this fact, now concealed by inflated currency. It costs $30,000—more or less—to kill a man, and the number still marked for killing staggers comprehension. Meanwhile the total bonded debt of Europe has already risen to the $60,000,000,000 mark, and does not "hover" there—it sweeps straight on. The nations are spending some $75,000,000 every day; Great Britain alone about $15,000,000. All of them have robbed the cradle and the grave, the savings banks and the insurance associations, taking away real money and giving paper bonds instead. Each of them has created debts beyond the power of humanity to pay, and demanding interest charges which no statesman dares look in the face.

Let us turn from this dark picture to the "brighter side." War-contracts afford to the patriotic exploiter a golden opportunity. A friend in Paris lately sat at a dinner beside a man who had already made $10,000,000 from war-contracts, his income having risen to $30,000 a day. Similar hopeful calculations come to us from Great Britain, France, Japan, and the United States. They constitute "the sunny side of war."

In a recent number of *Friedenswarte,* now published in Zurich, Dr. Oscar Stillich, professor in the Humboldt Academy at Berlin, makes a significant study of certain German corporations.

The most noted of these is the Krupp Society at Essen. The actual gains of this corporation do not appear in the public statement of dividends. It has never printed a complete balance sheet, for fear of public criticism. The chief owner, Madame Bertha Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, receives this year a dividend of 12 per cent. The Kaiser, another large stockholder, no doubt gets his proper share. The published balance sheet, however, obscures rather than elucidates. It shows that a certain amount is charged off as depreciation, another sum as reserves, extensions, machinery, etc. But no estimate is made of the amounts thus subtracted, or of other large sums, "war funds" and the like, without open record of amount or purpose.

Dr. Stillich shows that in the first year of war the house of Krupp* made a clear gain of $24,000,000 as against $10,000,000 in the highly profitable preceding

*This establishment speaks of itself as the "*sine qua non* of German victories," regardless of the fact that before 1914, according to Dr. Stillich, "it furnished materials to the actual enemies of Germany" for the "indispensable" of their victories also. But real profits, it is known, run far above the figures admitted.

year of extensive preparedness. The nominal capital stock was raised (1914-15) from $54,000,000 to $62,000,000. According to the record, the Krupp family is satisfied with $6,250,000, as against $5,000,000 in 1913-14. In the year 1914-15 the German government paid the Krupps two and one-half times what they had received from all sources, inside and outside Germany, before the war. The establishment could then have paid a dividend of 24 per cent, but for the first time since its foundation "it has set apart $5,750,000 for its work of national aid." Dr. Stillich asks whether this may be due to sympathy or to fear. "Is it to compensate for the immense sacrifice of blood, or a mark of sympathy with the terrible lot of the working classes? Is it in recognition of the danger in such accumulation by a single family of an income greater than that of the Emperor or any of the confederate princes, or the industrial magnates of Upper Silesia?"

Die Rheinische Metallwaaren und Maschinenfabrik of the Ehrhardts at Dusseldorf was apparently never able to compete with Krupp's, for it formerly yielded no dividends at all. The corporation is therefore duly grateful for war, which in its prospectus is described as the national protection "against the degeneration of peace." It is also "a protection of war-traders against poverty." The gains for the first two months of conflict enabled the Ehrhardts to make retroactive dividends of 6 per cent, covering each of the lean years from 1905 to 1909. This corporation now even goes so far as to accuse the Krupps of counterfeiting a long-range cannon devised under the direction of the Ehrhardts.

Die Deutsche Waffen und Munitions Fabrik of Herr Loewe at Berlin has cut down the 32 per cent dividend of last year to 20 per cent for the current one. This was a matter of prudence, as the people are growing sensitive. But their gross receipts and profits have risen, and their capital stock has doubled. "And no one knows how much has been set aside before fixing the profits at $2,000,000."

Besides the three great centers of German war-trade, four minor factories have distributed 12 to 32 per cent in dividends, all without intelligible statement of actual gains.

The extraordinary discretion of these corporations leads Dr. Stillich to remark that "these reports prove (to paraphrase a word from Talleyrand) that 'speech was given to man to conceal his business.'"

On the above and other similar facts connected with war-trade, the author quoted bases the obvious argument that a state should save itself from the waste involved in such profits by taking over the whole business as a government monopoly.

It must be noted, however, that there are chances for "graft" inside as well as outside the public service. Moreover, if a state should develop the gigantic establishments demanded for the production of modern armament, with the necessary multitudes of skilled laborers, it would not be easy to "shut up shop" in time of peace, nor to reopen on short notice in the event of war. A private munitions plant can use its machinery and equipment for other forms of manufacture. The state could hardly enter into commercial competition with private rivals, and the pressure against its attempting this would be decisive.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

[The same influences are busy even now in America. Los Angeles argues for the retention of the Submarine Base at her port, because it "expends $221,000 per month locally for supplies." For the same reason, $221,000 per month influences in San Francisco are urging its removal to that port. War scares in the Pacific arise mainly in the interest of naval expenditure.—D. S. J.]

A PRAYER.

"Our Father who art in heaven
Hallowed be Thy name."

As Thou hast taught me, O Father,
Daily to pray Thy prayer,
Grant me the spirit forgiving,
Teach me to love as Thou lovest,
That never sun may go down
Upon wrath of mine seeking for vengeance;
Else do I mock Thee in praying:
"Hallowed be Thy name."

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven."

Grant that Thy kingdom, O Lord,
May dwell in the hearts of the people:
Good will and the peace of the nations,
Who slaughter and kill midst their praying.
Then surely, Thy will shall be done
On earth as it is in heaven.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

Send us the food of the Spirit,
Scatter down manna from heaven—
Daily we feast, yet we starve;
Grant us the food everlasting.

"And forgive us our debts,
As we forgive our debtors."

Lord, if I ask aught of Thee
That I would deny to a brother,
Hearken not unto my voice,
And forgive not my daily trespasses
Till I shall, reflecting Thy image,
Forgive as I would be forgiven.

"Lead us not into temptation."

If temptations beset me, O Father,
Grant me the strength to o'ercome them:
I would not be shielded and helpless,
But strong in the strength of Thy wisdom—
Then shall I say to temptation:
"Begone, I have nothing to give thee."

"But deliver us from evil."

O Lord, if there be aught of evil
In thought or in deed of my making,
Blot out forever its imprint:
Teach me that only good liveth;
Then shall I fail to discern
The mote in the eye of my brother.

"For Thine is the kingdom,
And the power, and the glory forever."

As I pray thus to Thee, O my Father,
Give me to understand
That I of myself am as nothing,
And only Thy Truth is eternal:
For Thine is the kingdom, O Lord,
And the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

WHAT IS THE BEST BOOK ON THE BIBLE?

Writes the Librarian of one of our largest American Libraries: "For years I have made a specialty of securing for my shelves the most important works on the Bible published in this country or England, and I want to say that I regard *Dr. J. T. Sunderland's book,* 'THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE' (Beacon Press, Boston, pp. 322, $1.50 net; by mail $1.65), as *the best that has appeared from the pen of any scholar. I recommend it above any other.*"

A Presbyterian clergyman writes: "I am one of a group of eight ministers of different denominations who have been reading together Dr. Sunderland's book, and our unanimous verdict is that we have obtained from it more vital knowledge of what the Bible really is and means, and of its true value and place in the world, than from all our theological study in the past."

A Congregational minister writes that he has just taken a large Bible Class through the book, and with results that have delighted everybody.

A Michigan Judge in his enthusiasm writes: "I have finished my second reading of Dr. Sunderland's marvelously illuminating work, and, as a result, I am sure I have more knowledge—real knowledge—of the Bible than all the clergymen of this city put together." Is this strong language? Read the book and possibly you will forgive him.

Every minister and Bible student of whatever denomination should have the book. No church should be without an Adult Class in its study. We have information of its being read aloud in many homes. Besides being packed with exact knowledge, it is interesting as a story, and just the book for home reading.

It has been translated into three European languages, and request is made for permission to translate it into a fourth.

Says the London *Chronicle*: "It is an exposition of the latest and most accurate modern scholarship."

THE SACCO-VANZETTI DEFENSE

June 13, 1923

Two of the most prominent men in Italian-American public life have volunteered their services to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee in the battle to save Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti from the electric chair in Massachusetts. They are Senator S. A. Cotillo, and Congressman F. H. LaGuardia, both of New York. Congressman LaGuardia offered his services direct to the committee while the proffer of Senator Cotillo comes through *Il Corriere d'America,* the most influential Italian newspaper in the United States. *Il Corriere* also announces its active interest in the case, and plans a strong campaign to bring the plight of the two convicted Italians before the entire Italian population of America. The interest of Congressman LaGuardia and Senator Cotillo is not new to the case, although they have not before been actually associated with the case as counsel.

Senator Cotillo has a long record in the political life of New York, having been a member of the legislature for eleven years, and being chairman of some of the most important committees in the state senate. He is at present Chairman of the Judiciary committee, Chairman of the Commission to examine laws relating to child welfare, and Chairman of the Special legislative investigation committee to investigate banking and steamship ticket agent frauds involving immigrants.

Senator Cotillo has long been interested in the life of the immigrants and has sponsored several bills for their welfare and Americanization. When the United States went into the World War he was sent as a special representative of the United States to assure the Italian government and people of America's cooperation and to tell of America's war program. He was received with great ovations everywhere, and cemented a strong friendship between the two governments and peoples. For his services in this work he has been decorated twice by the Italian government. He is also counsel for the Italian consul general in New York.

Congressman LaGuardia holds the distinction of being the only republican elected to Congress from New York City at the last election. His election, despite party affiliations, is attributed to his popularity among the Italians of New York, and his fine record for public service in the long period during which he held offices in the municipality. He is the only political figure in the city who has the endorsement of all newspapers, which in itself is quite a recommendation of his true public spirit. As President of the Board of Aldermen he built up a fine

CORRESPONDENCE

A Letter from Germany

Dear Editor:

. . . You know better than anybody else that my mind runs along lines of international peace and understanding and that I have no use for war-like measures and thinking. I am seeing things, therefore, through the spectacles of an internationalist and not a 100 per cent German.

It is a fact that millions of people who before the war knew nothing of scarcity and economic want of any description are facing these problems daily and do not see any way out. Hundreds and thousands are actually starving to death, but hardly anybody sees them or hears about them.

It is another fact that tens of millions of people, especially the younger generation between 20 and 40, are sufficiently supplied with monetary means to live without financial and economic worries. This applies specifically to the German proletariat which is thoroughly organized and constantly demands higher wages and finally *gets* them! Due to the experiences of the war and the after-effects upon the moral fibre of these people, they do not know any more how to live simply and economically and spend all they earn. The German dance halls are crowded full of young people, beer and wine is drunk a great deal and cigarettes of all prices are smoked, ten and twenty in an evening by a single person.

But the picture is distressing when it comes to the classes "higher up," the middle classes and the former aristocracy. It is one great tragedy! No hope and no better future! There seems to be only one solution: the gradual absorption of all these individuals, such as officers, doctors, ministers, professors, poets, etc., by the working classes. Those who do not care to undergo these changes, will have to die slowly on account of undernourishment. Our newspapers bring reports daily from ministers of churches who are occupied in commercial positions, actors who find "jobs" in banking institutions, etc. Most of them, however, are not paid by the "tarif," a stipulation arranged by the labor and clerk unions, but "under tarif," which is in most cases considerably lower. An example may illustrate this: a young clerk of 30 with a wife and 2 children may receive M 250,000 per month, an actor of 45 or 50 with a similar family in the same commercial establishment will get "under tarif" about M 140,000 per month, etc. These salaries, by the way, are increasing by 50, 70 and more per cent per month for the last seven months!

When we come to the political life of Germany, there is one thing to be noted above everything else: The German nation is learning and being instructed that it is a foolish nonsense to rely upon or trust any other nation upon the face of the earth! And this warning almost automatically turns every thinking mind to America, which, like all the other nations, has shown to be just as soulless and heartless and conscienceless as England, France, Italy and Japan!

Do not misunderstand me: this is not my viewpoint, but a presentation of the feeling and opinion of other people I have talked to and of the speeches made by leading politicians, including the Chancellor, Dr. Cuno. For the average German of a higher and finer type, the occupation of German towns and cities in the Ruhr district by French armies and the consequent drastic and cruel measures undertaken to establish order, respect and demand obeyance was a test case for "decent" nations to thoroughly, immediately and unwaveringly protest against this action. Six or eight or even more weeks have elapsed, and not one thing has been done to right this wrong in the eyes of all Germans! Mrs. Asquith of England is travelling through the "illegally occupied" territories, as they are called in German newspapers, and it must be interesting to get opinions and data from her.

I hope to have given you some of the more important points about German life as it is at present, and shall continue to do so, especially when you will tell me about which particular topic you wish to be more closely informed.

Faithfully yours.

Germany.

public record and his record in Congress is strengthening his position among the Italians of the country.

Back of their entry into the Sacco-Vanzetti case stand many social organizations of the Italian-Americans, including the Sons of Italy, an organization of two hundred thousand members of which Senator Cotillo is Grand Master.

Senator Cotillo will address a mass meeting in Boston this week under auspices of the Sons of Italy and *Corriere d'America*. Arrangements for the meeting are now in progress.

Dr. Sunderland's New Book

Because Men Are Not Stones

By J. T. SUNDERLAND, D.D.

BEACON PRESS, 25 Beacon St., Boston

Postpaid, $1.50

This latest work of its author is a book of vital religion, dealing with the most living experiences and faiths that man can know.

I. The Soul's Cry for God
II. The Higher Conception of God
III. God and Life's Deep Experiences
IV. God and Human Sorrow
V. God and Great Calamities
VI. Robert Ingersoll's: "I think if I had been God I could have made a better world"
VII. God Who Knows and Cares
VIII. Working with God

The book is for minds that dare to think, for hearts that long for a better world and souls that cry out for a God that is not dead.

Answers Mr. Bryan

The Spark in the Clod

(or RELIGION AND EVOLUTION)

By J. T. SUNDERLAND, D.D.

I. The Evolution of the World
II. The Evolution of Man
III. The Evolution of Religion
IV. The Problem of Pain and Evil in the Light of Evolution
V. Immortality in the Light of Evolution
VI. The Bible, Jesus and Christianity in the Light of Evolution

The author claims that Evolution is the greatest modern illuminator and emancipator of religious thought. Many judges pronounce this book the clearest and most effective answer yet made to Mr. Bryan and others that fear Evolution.

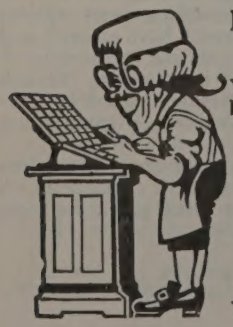
"A work of profound scholarship."—*Boston Journal.*

"A remarkably lucid statement of the bearing of Evolution upon religious thought."—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

$1.15 postpaid.

BEACON PRESS

25 Beacon Street Boston, Mass.



It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

3913 Cottage Grove

Tel., Atlantic 1876

Phone Oakland 489 **JANITORS' SUPPLIES**

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S

4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM—DOMESTIC

COAL

TELEPHONE WABASH 5028

Main Office:

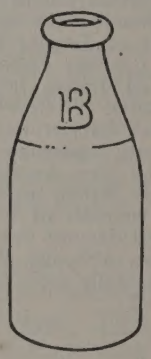
28 E. Jackson Blvd.

CHICAGO

The Blakely-Oswald Printing Co.

PRINTERS and BINDERS

Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk St., CHICAGO



Drink More Milk

Be sure it is BOWMAN'S.

BOWMAN'S MILK is perfectly pasteurized and sealed in the country. Rapid, direct delivery assures its being fresh and sweet.

BOWMAN DAIRY Company

DREXEL State Bank

Cottage Grove Ave. *and* Oakwood Blvd.

Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .

Your savings and checking account cordially invited

Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars

Schumann & Company

Cleaners of

Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

Having winter garments cleaned before storing them will keep out moth

Phone Drexel 0231

All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORK:

3960 Cottage Grove Avenue